



THE BUSINESS INSTINCT

Young Droppin: GOOD MORNING, MRS. WUZZINTRAIT; ARE THE DAUGHTERS IN?

Mrs. Wuzzintraid: NO, MR. DROPPIN, THEY'RE ALL OUT THIS MORNING.

Mr. W.: BUT WE'LL HAVE SOME IN NEXT TIME YOU CALL, SIR.

Funds for Foreign Travel—



*Are the Most Modern
Form of Carrying Funds*

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American Express Company
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Is the world's standard instrument for recording distance travelled. The only one mechanically right; used on all kinds of vehicles and when properly attached is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction. Thousands of Veeder Odometers in use to one of any other make. Supplied in the following convenient forms for vehicles:

For Automobiles, from \$10 to \$25, with all fittings complete to attach to any make of car. Give size of wheel and model of car when ordering.

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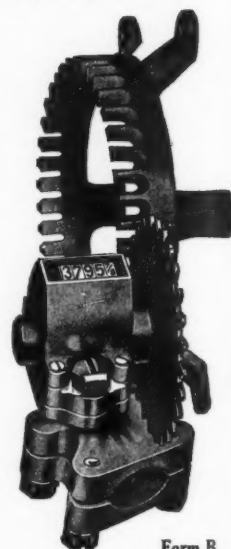
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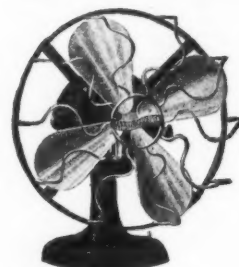
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**WESTINGHOUSE
ELECTRIC FANS**

Westinghouse Fans keep the air
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Require no attention and consume less current than an ordinary incandescent lamp.

Look for the Westinghouse name plate—It's your guarantee.
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Wedding Invitations engraved in the most approved styles.

Exclusive papers of Foreign importation for social correspondence.

Monograms, crests and dies of unusual artistic merit.

MADISON SQUARE

New York

Hindu Epigrams

TIME wakes when others sleep; Time no one may escape; without rest and with even pace Time strides over all creatures.

Man's life is measured by a hundred years; half of these are passed in sleep, half the remainder in childhood and old age, and what are left we fulfil amid disease, separations, pain and servitude. How can a man take pleasure in a life that resembles the bubble on a wave?

To love those who love you not, to shun those who love you, to make an enemy of the strong—that is to be a fool.

Not to begin an undertaking is the first sign of wisdom, and the second is to complete what has been begun.

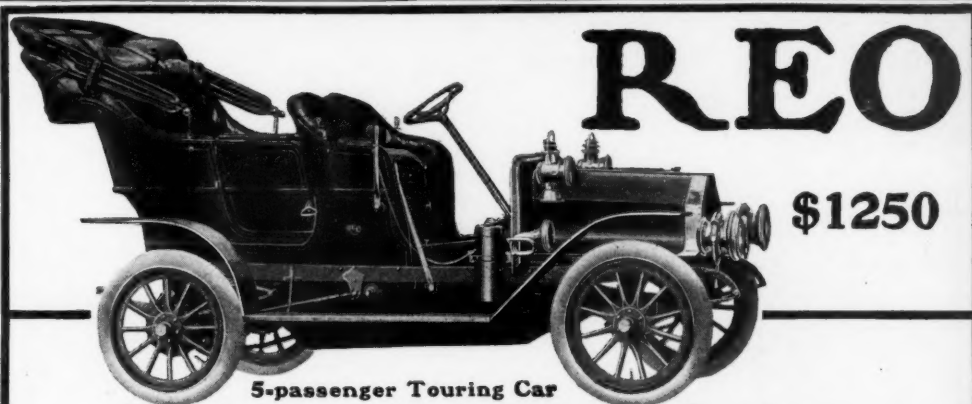
He who sits after eating gets a pain; he who sleeps after eating gets comfort; he who walks after eating gets health; he who runs after eating runs to his death.

What a man desires and strives for, that he always obtains, unless in weariness he relaxes.

For five years a man shall treat his son as a prince, for ten years as a slave; but when a son reaches his sixteenth year, then shall a man treat him as a friend.

Under good fortune the heart of the great is as soft as a lotus bloom; under ill fortune, as hard as the mountain rock.

Everywhere good fortune attends the man whose heart is content: is not the earth covered with leather for one whose foot is in a shoe?—*Sunday Magazine*.



REO

\$1250

5-passenger Touring Car

From every point of view

(Climbing, Speed, Endurance, Economy)

REO is the practical car for practical men.

It does what's worth doing, at a price that's worth paying. It runs with the swiftest; pulls with the strongest; is equal to every emergency, and is always "on the job."

Write for the catalogue which shows why the REO does as well in every-day use as it does in public competition, and why, if you say so, it will do as well for you.

2-passenger Runabout, \$650.

4-passenger Runabout, \$675

All prices f. o. b. Lansing

R. M. Owen & Co., Lansing, Mich. General Sales Agents

We Hope

WE HOPE all our readers will read this from a Columbus (Ohio) paper:

Two horses stood yesterday, hitched near each other on Gay Street. One of them was patient, comfortable and in good temper, flies lighted upon his back occasionally, but he drove them away with a switch of his long tail. The other horse was impatient, restless and in bad humor. He was stamping the ground and moving back and forth the vehicle to which he was hitched. Occasionally he would throw his head around angrily, and he had been champing his bit till his mouth was covered with foam. The flies alighted on him and stayed there. He could not dislodge them. He moved his tail, but it was only a stump. It had been docked, its usefulness destroyed in order that some person's foolish or cruel fancy might be pleased. There was in the contrast of those two horses a lesson that ought to have been sufficient to convince any person of the barbarity of docking horses' tails and leaving the animals at the mercy of insects. Any person who saw and still could not understand should try the experiment of sitting out in a field with arms bound and all means for keeping flies away removed. Docking is a blight on our civilization. The beauty and usefulness of the tail are destroyed, and the man who does it or countenances it is marked as thoughtless or brutal.—*National Humane Educator*.

THE investigation seems to show that Mr. Harri-man did his stock-watering with a force-pump.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.



"WHAT IS THE MATTER, CHILD?"

"NOTHING, MISTER. THE ARTIST JUST DREW ME THIS WAY."

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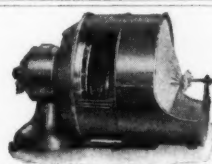
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A COOL BREEZE OFF THE WATER IN YOUR HOME OR OFFICE

can be had at all times by using **OUR ELECTRIC "CLEANAIR"** It moistens and purifies the air, removing all dust and impurities and gives a delicious coolness to the air in a room.

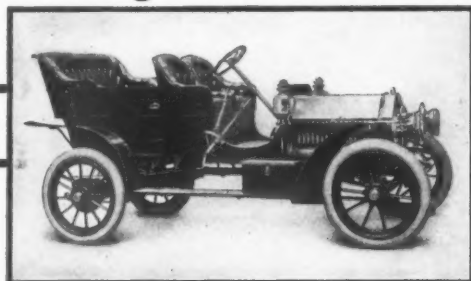
IN A SICK ROOM its use is imperative, clears it of all germs, prevents contagion and cools and soothes the patient. Installed like an electric fan. Inexpensive, efficient. Write for particulars.

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The Touring Car Without a Rival

\$2,000



\$2,000

The high principles of honest workmanship and the advanced ideas of design that have made Cadillac construction famous, find full expression in Model G, a thoroughly dependable, powerful, four-cylinder car which brings to its owner every touring luxury enjoyed by those possessing the most expensive types.

Examine it; observe its long, rangy lines, the racy atmosphere about it, reflecting lots of spirit and "go"; ride in it and note the feeling of security prompted by a wealth of hidden energy beneath you—then you will appreciate why

CADILLAC

MODEL G is without a peer among all cars of its class. Compare it in efficiency and price with many cars costing twice as much and you will find the chief difference at the money end. Wonderfully economical to maintain.

Your nearest dealer will gladly demonstrate Model G or any of the other Cadillac models.

Model G—20 h. p. 4-Cylinder Touring Car; \$2,000	Model N—10 h. p. Four Passenger Car; \$950
Described in Catalog G H	Described in Catalog M R
Model H—30 h. p. 4-Cylinder Touring Car; \$2,500	Model K—10 h. p. Runabout; \$800
Described in Catalog H R	Described in Catalog M R

E. O. B. Detroit; Lamps not included

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THE Special Storage Service of the Gorham Company offers unusual advantages for the handling and safe-keeping of Silverware, Jewelry and other Valuables. Patrons are relieved of all trouble and responsibility. Articles for storage are called for, inventoried and packed at owner's residence by experienced employees of the Company. The vaults are so arranged as to make instantly available any piece desired. Valuables while in storage will be examined, and restored to perfect condition if requested.

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(Founded 1715)



FINE OLD
LIQUEUR
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GENUINE OLD
BRANDIES MADE
FROM WINE

Sole Agents
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"Old Bleach" Linens

"Old Bleach" stands for perfect bleaching—not the hurried process with strong chemicals which injure the flax fibre in the haste to make it white, but the deliberate, systematic method which takes plenty of time as a necessary part in whitening the "Old Bleach" products.

From the standpoint of service no fabrics are more satisfactory than these beautiful lustrous sun-bleached linens. The softness of their texture, exquisite finish and great strength and durability are not found in any other linens.

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The name guarantees the quality
All first-class dealers sell them

Our booklet on the care of Linens and how to wash and preserve them sent on request

GEO. RIGGS & CO., 70 & 72 Franklin Street, New York
Wholesale Distributors to the Trade

LIFE

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"EXCUSE ME, BUT WOULD YOU MIND MOVING A LITTLE TO ONE SIDE? WE'VE GOT TO PUT A RAILROAD THROUGH HERE."

Changed

BUT Love, it soon appeared, was by no means the spoiled child he once had been.

"People don't make so much of him as formerly, particularly Americans," whispered Venus, with a note of resentment.

That was the mother of it. She was downright offended, in her heart, and thought it but a poor world where people made so little of anything but money, noise, trouble for their neighbors, and the like.

What the Socialists Say

THIS clipping from *Studies in Socialism* may be of interest to a very few prosperous Americans. We say "very few," as nobody finds pleasure in hearing the other side of his pet argument:

There are house builders, architects and material enough in the world to build beautiful houses for each and every family, yet millions live in shelters that are unfit for human habitation. These men want to work, and all want to live in good houses.

Why, then, is the world so poor? If one part produced food, another houses, another instruction and another pleasure and entertainment, don't you know there would be enough of these in the world for all who helped to produce them? Then why don't they do it? Because man, in his ignorance and cunning, has devised rules that give to those who do not produce the larger part of what is produced, and thus themselves do not help, leaving the greater burden on those they exploit. The many, in all ages, have been too stupid to see this cheat, and thus the cunning have ruled and robbed and the useful have slaved and gone with scanty fare. To which class belong you?

Extract from a Letter to "Life"

PERMIT me to call your attention to a case of the "deadly parallel" in your issue of December 27, 1906.

You will understand what I have reference to by the attached clipping, when I explain the meaning of the word "Pulajane." In the Visayan tongue this means an anarchist, or, literally, "red trousers," and is used to designate a band of persons who refuse to recognize any form of government, and who exist by levying tribute on anybody and everybody that fall in their power.

You will readily see, therefore, that your criticism might with equal truth be applied to the Western sheriff who shoots down a band of train robbers, or even to the metropolitan police in raiding a gang of counterfeiters.

In this connection I wish to state that this error seems general among the newspapers of the State, and invariable in an editorial on the Philippines the same mistaken idea is apparent.



SCIENTIFIC NOTE

MORE SPOTS HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED ON THE FACE OF THE SON



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLIX. MAY 9, 1907. No. 1280.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



THE *Sun* came out on April 25 with an amusing double-leaded confidential dissertation about Secretary Taft, saying what a tip-top man he is, how impossible it is that he should ever be "a mere mirror for Mr. Roosevelt," how delighted the *Sun* would be to see him President and how dreadful an error President Roosevelt will

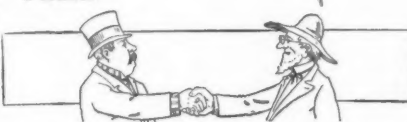
fall into if he runs Taft for the nomination as an automaton wound up to carry on the "Roosevelt policies." "We do not think he will get the nomination," says the *Sun*; "and if it should come to him as it is now planned that it should come, he will not accept it."

Well, well; these are entertaining remarks. They remind one of the venerable story of an irrepressibly inquisitive man who asked his neighbor in the street-car what he had in the box. "A mongoose." "What for?" "To kill snakes." "What snakes?" "I have a convivial friend who sees snakes." "But those are not real snakes!" "Neither is this a real mongoose."

An urgent need of the times seems to be a supply of mongooses sufficiently real to kill the snakes that wriggle before the eyes of our friends who "see things." The *Sun* "sees things" in great profusion and so do most of the more impassioned critics of the President. If we may judge from the stories that the papers print as coming from Washington the President also "sees things" at times, and expends a good deal of energy in chasing them into holes. The *Sun* is a good enough mongoose to kill such things as it sees, but its efforts to save Big Bill Taft from being bitten by them is love's labor lost. Mr. Taft doesn't need any mongoose, because he doesn't see anything, and will

not see anything, except what is really there.

A casual newspaper headline reads: "Taft Will Let Foraker Talk; Too Busy Himself to Bother About Stumping Ohio; Going Home on Friday." The Secretary, just back from Panama, Cuba and Porto Rico, was going to Ohio to meet the Western Federation of Yale Clubs on Friday night; to lay a cornerstone at Dayton on Sunday, and to talk again on Monday about the Panama Canal to the Business Men's Club at Cincinnati. He is not too busy to talk about some real things, but he is too busy to take the stump in Ohio against Senator Foraker.



THERE is a great deal of comfort to be had from the contemplation of Secretary Taft. If he shall be our next President we will get a man of remarkable qualifications to fill the place that Mr. Roosevelt will vacate. He is good medicine; a poultice, a tonic and good for the nerves. There is confidence that if he becomes President he will not let go of any improvement or reform that has been gained, nor yet agitate the country by fears of what he may attempt. Folks admire his ability, value his services, respect his character and like the temper and the friendly nature of him. Old-fashioned people think of him as they do of Roosevelt, and as they are getting to think of Hughes, as a man who probably says his prayers. They like that kind of a man, and always did, and, once they tie up to him, will trust him in the dark, and follow him, if necessary, through a good many indiscretions, just as they follow Roosevelt.



PERHAPS the *Sun* is sincere in fearing that Roosevelt's support will be fatal to Taft as a Presidential possibility. The President seems ready to use the power of Federal patronage in New York to back up Governor Hughes, and it is expected that he will want to use the same weapon in Taft's behalf in Ohio, and the current sentiment of all the bug-house

prophets is that if he does, he will kill off both Taft and Hughes.

But let the *Sun's* mongoose chase these snakes. The chance of being favorably regarded by President Roosevelt is one of the common risks that every good and likely Republican man has got to take for the next year. Our notion is that any man who does not prove hearty enough to survive it is not of durable enough material for the White House job.



THE Jamestown Fair is open, and will presently be ready for business. It promises to be a pretty, pleasant, profitable show. The most suitable way to go to it will be in a yacht, and we suppose all the yachts there are around will go to Hampton Roads in the course of the summer, to the loss perhaps of Bar Harbor and the coast of Maine. But there are other ways to go for citizens whose yachts do not happen to be in commission.

The most important item about a fair is the food. Nature has lavished food supplies on Chesapeake Bay and its shores, and visitors are not likely to go hungry. There will be naval and military shows all summer long. The 400 acres of fair grounds are said to be charming, both in their setting and in their buildings and pretty landscape effects. About the exhibits we have not heard very much as yet, but there will be plenty of exhibits. The most interesting one of all will be the people of Virginia, favorable specimens of whom will be visible at all times while the fair continues, and may be compared with selected Pittsburgers, who will be shown in cages. It was from Virginia, as is well known, that the American people derived most of the liberties and all the manners that they possess. In that State American hospitality was invented and from it emanated our first principles of deportment. Lineage was first appreciated and respected there, and continues to be honored there both in man and beast. The best thing about the Jamestown Fair is that it is in Virginia. It will do us all good to go there, and stay long to get some real conception of the flavor of the Old Dominion.



THE TEDDYSSY. BOOK III—SAN JUAN

INSPIRED BY PALLAS COLUMBIA—LED BY VICTORY—THE HERO STORMS THE HISPANIAN FRONT

Art

It took twenty-five orchestral forte blows to sever John the Baptist's head.—*English Review of Salome.*



must have lost his head at the first or second forte blow. The reception of the opera at all the great centers proves that nobody who was anybody would have dared keep his head after two of these

WE HAVE here a note of disrespect which smacks of nothing so much as lack of discernment. The point brought out by the lovely passage mentioned is, of course, that John was neither a cultivated musician nor a person of social significance, otherwise he

extraordinary *schlagen*. Characterization is the highest function of art, and the twenty-five blows are a subtle touch of the best sort.

WAS it not the admirable Sir Roger de Coverley who was proud of spelling like a gentleman, and not like a scholar? We have no gentry, but at least we retain something of the Briton who would never be a slave. At all events, we can spell like freemen, regardless of the Medes, Persians and Scotch. The main thing is to spell from the heart. Nothing is so unseemly as a canting deference to mere authority, the leaven of the Pharisees which is hypocrisy.

High Finance

THERE is always room at the top—if you can push the other fellow off.

Death a Mere Habit

DES MOINES, IOWA, April 11.—Articles of incorporation of the Society of Eternal Youth will be filed with the Polk County Recorder here to-morrow. Its officers, incorporators and membership will subscribe to the doctrine that sickness and death are mere habits, which intelligent living might overcome.

Any member becoming sick and remaining so for three days will be subjected to a fine. The second offense of this character will mean suspension for six months, while a third lapse will mean permanent expulsion.

This seems a good idea.

If there is any real merit in Christian Science the Great Problem is finally solved.

It makes Christian—or any other—Science look like thirty cents.

Arthur and His Toys

LITTLE ARTHUR, the boy magnate, had been out with his chauffeur all the morning getting fitted to a new automobile, and in the afternoon he had amused himself in his nursery playing with a lovely playhouse his mother had sent home the day before. It was fitted up with diamond-studded doors and gold floors and imitation food made out of rubies and other precious stones. But after Arthur had played with it for awhile, he tossed it aside and ran downstairs to see his father and mother. It was coupon evening—that is, the first of the month—and Arthur's father and mother, with the help of the family servants, were busily engaged in cutting off the coupons into waste-baskets, to be taken later by the delivery automobile down to one of Arthur's father's banks.

"I'm tired of my playhouse," announced Arthur, impatiently, "because it's make-believe."

"Tut, tut, Arthur," said his mother. "You shouldn't say such things. You've lived long enough in a make-believe world to get used to it by this time."

"Well, I don't care," cried Arthur, petulantly. "I want a real house. Say, papa," he went on, eagerly, "why can't you get me a hotel—a real hotel," he added, "with real guests, a real palm-room and real ladies sitting in it?"

His father shook his head.

"I can get you a real hotel, Arthur," he said, "but I don't know about real ladies. Wouldn't you be satisfied with imitation ladies? That's the kind they usually have."

"I suppose I should have to," said Arthur, "if you couldn't do any better."

The next morning Arthur's father got up bright and early—for nothing gave him greater pleasure than to gratify his little son's wish—and went out and bought a real hotel.

Arthur could scarcely wait to see it. And when he and his mamma went around in their auto to look at it, he clapped his hands in glee.

"See, mamma," he cried; "papa hasn't forgotten anything. Look at the automobiles to set in front and look at all the lovely chorus girls and imitation ladies he has ordered to go in it."

"Yes, Arthur," replied his mother. "And you must be very careful, dear, when you place them in the hotel not to

rub the paint off. Remember they are not like the indestructible dolls you used to have."

Thanking his mother for her timely warning, Arthur was soon absorbed in his new occupation of putting everything in its place. He put the clerks back of their desks with big diamonds in their shirts and he put the bellboys where they belonged and all the chambermaids on their various floors and the cute little pages who ran around and called out names. Then he put in his

Wall Street branches—and he had to be very careful of them, for they were very fragile—and his card furniture, and fitted all the palms into his palm-room and then put his bar into place.

And then Arthur filled the hotel with guests and everything was ready.

"Father never forgets anything," said Arthur as he took his mother's hand and led her out to look at his new toy. "See, mamma; everything is quite complete. Isn't it just lovely? Look, here is a real drug-store, and see all the electric cabs, and papa has even got me some multimillionaires to go in the café—that shows what he can do, doesn't it?"

"Yes, indeed," said Arthur's mother, who had never seen a men's café before and was very much interested, "and what is that head-waiter doing?"

"Why, don't you know?" said Arthur, contemptuously. "But I forgot you were a woman, and can't know all the things we men do. He's just leaning over the multimillionaires getting tips on the stock market. Why, mamma, I have no doubt that he is making twenty or thirty thousand dollars a week. That's pretty good for a head-waiter," he added, proudly, "although, of course, it isn't as much as my autos cost."

"And what is that man in the suite on the third floor saying to the lady with him?" asked Arthur's mother.

"Oh, I'll tell you," exclaimed Arthur, excitedly. "You see she's really and truly his wife and he's persuading her that she must stay in for the evening and rest. And you see that beautiful young lady waiting down-stairs in the corridor? Well, she's a real chorus girl and she's waiting for him to come down. And look, mamma! there's a real duke just come



in; and see how everybody is staring at him. Oh, my! I never had such a fine toy in all my life."

"Dear, darling boy!" exclaimed his mother. "I am so glad that you like it. And now I must really run back home and change my tiara, but you just stay here and amuse yourself as long as you want to."

"I'm going to," cried Arthur. "I'm just going to live here and arrange everything to suit myself, and have the best time in all my life, and I think I shall invite the little boy next door to come and help play with me."

"Do."

So Arthur's mother left him with his hotel, and when his father came home that night and she told him, he was delighted to think that at last he had been able to get such a harmless and thoroughly instructive toy for his little boy.

This matter went on for some time, and Arthur practically disappeared.

One evening, however, he came into dinner with the old listless look on his face.

Both parents as they gazed fixedly at him experienced a sense of inward consternation. They realized instinctively that they were up against it. Arthur was once more without an occupation.

Assuming a vivacity they did not feel, they chattered on. But their bright young son was not to be fooled.

"Papa," he interrupted, "can't you think of something to amuse me with?"

His father looked at him in surprise.

"Why, Arthur dear, what is the matter with your hotel? I thought at last that you had a toy that would be permanent."

"I gave it away to the boy next door."

"Gave it away? What for?"

"Because, papa, it wasn't what you represented it to be. I lived in it for a week and I know. I met everybody, and took it to pieces and saw all the inside works, and I know."

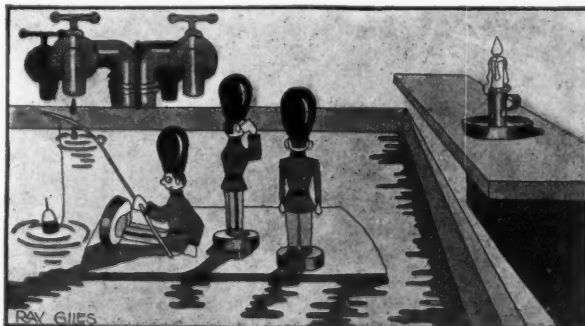
His father looked at him in blank amazement.

"Why, Arthur dear," he said, "it cost me a couple of millions. What was the matter with it?"

Arthur's eyes filled with tears.

"It wasn't real," he said. "It was *all* imitation—ladies and all. It was a worse sham than the playhouse in my nursery."

T. L. M.



Willie Wood Soldier: SAVED AT LAST, BROTHERS, FROM A HORRIBLE DEATH AT SEA! THERE IS LAND AND YONDER IS A LIGHTHOUSE!



WORRIES OF THE TOWER TENDER

"I WONDER IF ANY OF THESE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEES WILL MAKE ME TELL ALL I KNOW?"

An Appeal to the Mayor

TO GEORGE B. McCLELLAN,
Mayor of New York.

MR. MAYOR: On the southwest corner of Thirty-fifth Street and Fifth Avenue there is a large hole in the ground, scooped out months ago with the intention of inserting the butt end of a building into it. The hole extends to the curb line and there is an elevated bridge over the sidewalk seven or eight feet above the sidewalk level. For about four months not a stroke of work has been done on the job of which this bridge is a reminder, but during all those months every pedestrian traveling past Thirty-fifth Street on the west side of Fifth Avenue has had to climb and descend these steps or risk his life in going around them. By a rough computation, these steps have caused every day 50,000 persons to raise to the height of eight feet and lower again a weight equal to two and one-half times the weight of the Flatiron Building, and all to serve no useful or necessary purpose whatever, but merely to save a ——— contractor an expense of about \$25 to lower this bridge to the sidewalk level until he got ready to go on with his job.

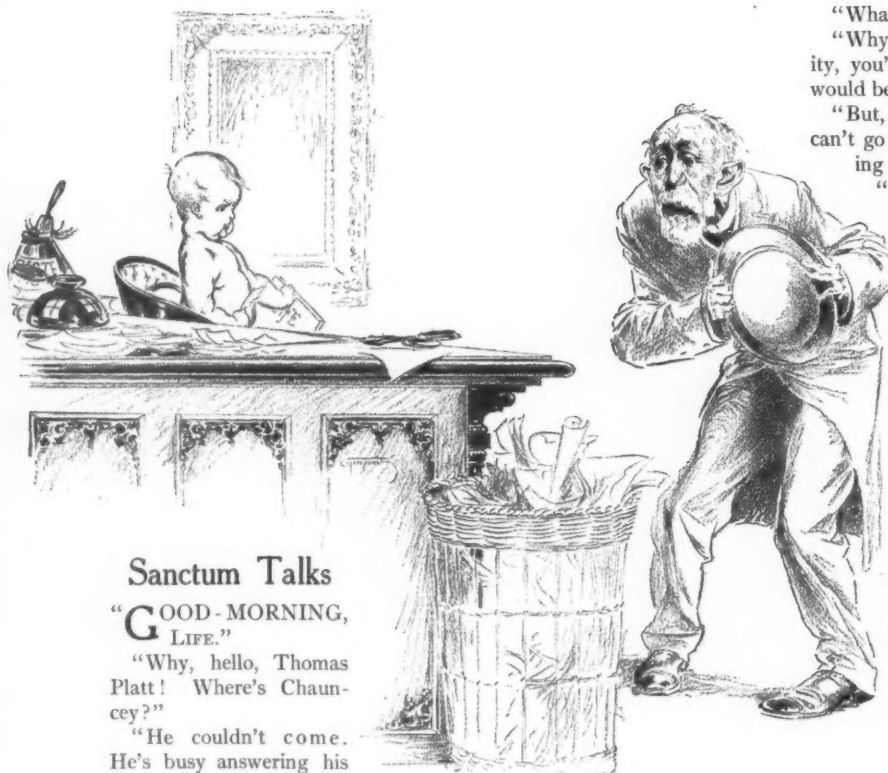
Please, Mr. Mayor, make the infernal brute put his bridge down where it belongs. And oblige,

LIFE.

More Often

MRS. BRIDGE WHIST: What do you discard from—strength or weakness?

DEBUTANTE: From fright, principally.



Sanctum Talks

"GOOD-MORNING, LIFE."

"Why, hello, Thomas Platt! Where's Chauncey?"

"He couldn't come. He's busy answering his correspondence."

"What kind?"

"Oh, you know, people write and ask him why he doesn't resign, and it keeps him tied down."

"Why, aren't you tied down, too, doing the same thing?"

"Well, you see, it's different with me. I'm old and hardened, and I don't pay attention to such trivialities. But, say, LIFE"—

"Yes, Thomas."

"I want you to do me a favor."

"Go ahead."

"Chauncey and I want to get into the Hall of Fame."

"Let's see. That's the place people have heard about because it wouldn't let E. A. Poe in."

"But there was a reason for that, LIFE. You see, Poe drank."

"And you think you and Chauncey ought to get in because you don't?"

"Not at all. But you know we are both prominent."

"Have you ever written anything?"

"No. But we've underwritten several things. Then we're both United States Senators."

"So I've heard rumors of. What else are you notorious for?"

"For our indomitable perseverance. Then, again, we have pride."

"Pride! What's that?"

"Don't you know?"

"I did before you came in, Mr. Platt, but all conception of it has now vanished."

"Well, pride is the feeling you have when you've done wrong."

"I see. You and Chauncey, I suppose, are full of it all the time?"

"Yes; we feel as if we hadn't been treated right."

"In what way, Mr. Platt?"

"Well, you know, it's common talk that I'm an old reprobate."

"So I've heard"—

"And that Chauncey is little better."

"I've heard hints of that, also."

"Well, then. I don't see anything left to do here and now. But there's posterity."

"But there's always posterity, Mr. Platt."

"Exactly. And my idea is that if Chauncey and I could be recognized by posterity"—

"But you forget one thing."

"What's that?"

"Why, if you and Chauncey ever get into posterity, you'd never resign. Think of how hard that would be on posterity."

"But, my dear LIFE, we must do something. We can't go on in this way. At present we are a standing disgrace."

"Then why not sit down?"

"It makes no difference what we do—the finger of scorn is being pointed at us. Now, if we were firmly established in the Hall of Fame"—

"Mr. Platt, you are right. You and Chauncey have had a hard time. Your pure, innocent lives have been very stormy. Both of you ought to be firmly fixed in the Hall of Fame."

"You really mean it?"

"I most certainly do. Make out your applications."

"Thank you, LIFE. We ought to be there, don't you think?"

"You certainly ought. Besides, the Hall of Fame deserves it. In the meantime, what are you going to do?"

"I thought we would stay right where we are."

"That isn't a bad idea, Mr. Platt. Keep up the good work."

"What good work?"

"Why, if people like you and Chauncey stick to the Senate long enough, we'll have to abolish it in time for the sake of decency, and that would be a good thing, eh?"

"Um. G-good-morning, LIFE."

"Good-morning, Mr. Platt."

Journalism Has No Ethics

SPEAKING of the publication of the stolen Harriman letter, the *Wall Street Journal* says:

Ought not the ethics of journalism include some universally accepted principle that advantage shall not be taken of the venality of persons willing to sell information which has come into their possession by reason of confidential relations?

No doubt they ought, and would, if there were any. The trouble is there are no ethics of journalism. Plenty of journalists and some individual newspapers have ethics, but American journalism has none; none, at least, that are enforceable.

The only universally accepted principles in contemporary journalism are that advertising follows circulation; that you can't get advertising without circulation, and that you can't get circulation without printing something that will interest and attract more people than it scares away.



Peace

THE Hague Conference approaches apace. The curtain-raiser, with Andrew Carnegie in the star part, has already been enacted, and, whether on account of or in spite of that fact, the dove of peace still lingers in the vicinity. We have already learned a great deal, but three points stand out boldly for early and often consumption. In the first place we have learned from a worthy importation, yclept Stead, that too many peace conferences maketh a man sick. He has been a peace conference habitu  for years and ye-ahs and, so, with undeniable authority, he plainly hands out the implication that a peace conference is as short-lived as the tail of a sky-rocket and the stick doesn't stay up. All talk and no action, he says. Of course, we are too polite to ask him why he keeps at it.

In the second place, while Mr. Stead is preparing us for the probable futility of our efforts, Mr. Roosevelt is warning us against their possible utility. Whatever you do, don't talk disarmament, he says. Tread as softly as you like, but, for heaven's sake, don't forget the big stick, and the bigger the better.

And, thirdly, an Episcopal minister of the name of Dix, devout exponent of the humble Nazarene who died in the interest of "peace on earth; good will toward men," proclaims that all effort to bring about peace is silly and that war, like the poor and taxes, is to be with us always. To be sure, Bishop Potter characterized these utterances as "oratorical drippings," but there they are just the same, and the odor of sanctity hangs round them still.

Pick 'em out, gentlemen. Walk right up and take your choice. A prize in every package and no blanks. One says talk less and do more. Another says do less and talk more. A third says do less and tal' less. This is range of choice for the most fastidious.

So much for generalities. But, inasmuch as peace hath her disadvantages no less annoying than war, it may not come amiss, even at the risk of becoming etiquetally infractious, to speak right out in meetin' and name a few. Peace would disturb business conditions. It would make serious inroads on the sales department of the Steel Trust. In the event of peace, new markets would have to be found for this important Scottish-American industry. Now, as new markets cannot be found without war, peace is impossible. Score one for Dix. It is but a step from the making of battleships to the

embalmed beef industry, not to mention other numerous patriotic dealers in equipment and fodder whose calculations peace would greatly upset. Then there is the vested right known as "pensions." It must be protected at all hazards, as it is an indispensable cog in our devious political machine. And how about the future daughters of future revolutions? Could it be that our peace advocates would think of proceeding without making provision for these cynosures of posterity. Would they, simply for the sake of keeping themselves in the public, deprive future generations of this opportunity of holding up their heads above their fellows?

This is the first lesson. Thoughtful pupils may easily expand on the above and discover many important considerations that have been overlooked. *Pax vobiscum!*

Ellis O. Jones.

The Beatitudes According to Fortuna

BLESSED are the poor in spirit, for they are easily fleeced. Blessed are they that mourn, for they are relieved of the burden of inherited riches.

Blessed are the unscrupulous, for they do inherit the earth.

Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after boodle, for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciless, for they are the rulers of the world.

Blessed are the corrupt in heart, for sinecures are given unto them.

Blessed are the war-makers, for they are honored of men.

Blessed hot are they who are persecuted for money's sake, for theirs is the kingdom of hell.

Blessed are ye, lords of fortune, when men shall flatter and prostrate themselves before you, and shall say all manner of compliments to you falsely, for sake of office.

Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is the reward of villainy; and so were honored the villains which were before you.

William Restelle.

In the Near Future

"I'M AWFULLY frightened way up here," said the fair young thing in the air-ship.

"Worry not, Clarissa," replied Harvey Giltrocks; "your fears are groundless."



A SHORT CIRCUIT



LIFE.



TO-DAY, EXCELLENCY?

THEATRICAL NOTES



In Front of the Curtain



NO ONE yet knows what will be the result of the recent transfer of certain theatres from the Messrs. Shubert to a new corporation which includes them as well as some members of the Theatrical Trust. One of the conditions of the transfer is said to be an agreement on the part of the Theatrical Trust that it would forever lay aside its old club in the shape of an agreement between the Trust conspirators that no attraction which played in an opposition theatre should be permitted to play in a Trust theatre. This, together with the black-listing of authors and artists, was the thing which meant the enslavement of dramatic art and was the thing against which LIFE has waged its warfare.

No one cares how theatrical managers divide their money nor how much they fight over the division. But when a bunch of them get together and say, "We'll starve out this theatre, or this dramatist, or this artist, and we'll give this or that one the exclusive chance to make money," the agreement becomes a matter of public concern, because the public is denied the opportunity to say what particular kind of theatrical amusement it will patronize. It is as though some organization should get control of all the meat-shops and say that every one must eat pork because the monopolists have had a falling out with the cattle-growers and beef-butchers.

* * *



AS SAID before, no one knows what will be the outcome of the new arrangement. Not much is to be expected in the way of a generous construction of agreements to which the firm of Al. Hayman, Klaw and Erlanger are parties, but it may be that, in the light of the reputation this combination has created for itself and of its past experiences, it may have some desire to stand better in the eyes of the public. The new arrangement contemplates a stopping of blacklisting based on the personal spite of members of this firm against authors and artists. If that part of the arrangement is lived up to by them it means an advantage in one particular to dramatic art and to the public.



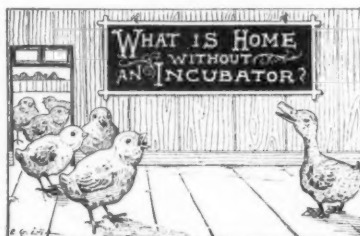
Mr. Elephant: HOW THINGS HAVE CHANGED! IN MY YOUNG DAYS HAY WAS ALWAYS SERVED ON A PITCHFORK AND EATEN OFF THE FLOOR

Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger state that the arrangement as so consummated will at once clear the theatrical atmosphere; that there were altogether too many theatres devoted exclusively to high-class attractions; that, while there was an enormous public to support "popular-priced" and vaudeville attractions, the higher class theatres necessarily catered to a minority.

THESE gentlemen may be qualified to speak for the entire American people, and they certainly voice an opinion on which they have always acted. Of course, they think there are "altogether too many theatres devoted to high-class attractions." The slap-stick school of drama may appeal to their taste, but is the American public willing to admit that the Klaw-and-Erlanger taste is the taste of the American people?

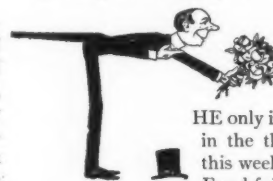
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PERHAPS they are right in their assumption. Perhaps we are a nation of yahoos who get more enjoyment out of seeing a clown tickle his nose with a straw, or a trained-dog act, than out of a cleverly conceived and well-written comedy interpreted by finished artists. They may speak correctly for themselves and for the crude and uncouth masses. But education in



America must count for something. There must be somewhere a saving minority which will keep stage art from the utter destruction that menaces it.

Meanwhile, brethren, let us not despair. There may yet come from some liberal-minded American millionaire the endowment for a theatre which shall set standards for dramatic art in America and preserve us from the slap-stick manager's monopoly of a stage devoted entirely to a public with slap-stick taste. And if no millionaire avails himself of the opportunity to perpetuate his name by the rescue of this greatest of educational forces, we can individually do much by patronizing only those attractions which appeal to something better than the slap-stick degree of intelligence and refinement.



* * *

HE only important event in the theatrical world this week is the Actors' Fund fair at the Metro-

politan Opera House. The Actors' Fund not only maintains a home for aged actors and actresses, but cares for members of the theatrical profession when they are ill and buries them when they are dead, if they have not been provident or fortunate enough to lay by resources for the day of need. This entails a very large outlay and the Fund's sole source of income is from benefits and contributions.

Members of the profession from the highest to the lowest are taking an active

interest in the present function and have made elaborate preparations to make it a unique and unusual attraction. It provides an unusual opportunity for the public at large to come into personal contact with the profession at large and it is expected and is to be hoped that the meeting will result in the passage of handsome sums from the pockets of the former to the deserving charity of the latter. Collectors of mementoes of the stage and its celebrities will find exceptional opportunities to secure bits of property valuable from association and use. There are to be all sorts of novel entertainments, and patrons of the fair are solemnly guaranteed that in every instance they will receive a great deal more than their money's worth. Incidentally, there will be thrown in many attractive smiles, persuasive arguments and thorough appreciation of anything that helps to swell the funds of a very worthy and practical charity.

* * *



POLICE COMMISSIONER BINGHAM has refused to furnish the city's policemen to maintain order at the baseball grounds because professional baseball is a private enterprise carried on to make money for its managers. If this official action were carried out to its legitimate conclusion,

it would involve the removal of the policemen and firemen, paid for by the city, from the theatres, where a large number of these public employees are assigned to duty every evening and many afternoons. The absurd legal fiction that a theatre, which invites every one of the whole public who has the price of admission to enter its doors, is nevertheless a private place would justify the authorities in doing this quite as much as in making the baseball people pay for their own policemen.

* * *

SPEAKING of the refusal of our judges to realize that the theatre and theatres to-day have become a public institution different from that existing when English judges laid down the law which we so blindly follow, calls to notice another judicial achievement. The Superior Court of the important State of Rhode Island has just fallen into line on the same question and refused redress to two United States sailors who were excluded from a place of amusement because they were in the uniform of their country.



THE PRESIDENT HAS ADDED ONE MORE BIRD TO HIS AVIARY

JUDGES of our higher courts are notably conservative persons. They are for the most part men of advanced years and of studious and steady habits who mingle little in the lighter side of life. Of the theatre as an institution they can, from the very nature of their occupation and its requirements, have only the slightest knowledge. They perhaps do not appreciate the theatre's importance in the lives of a great part of the population, especially in the larger cities and in New York most of all. It is maintained to-day in the face of the existing conditions that the theatre is a private institution and that a man's theatre is his own to do with as he pleases in the same sense that an Englishman's house was his castle according to the court rulings of a couple of centuries ago. This seems like a confession of the judges that they do not know what is going on in the world about them.

The Superior Court of the State of Rhode Island may or may not be an important court in the view of lawyers. Its opinion in the case of the sailors is evidently based on the opinion of the New York Court of Ap-

peals rendered some years since and which, in turn, is based on the opinion of the English judges rendered in a race-track case many, many years ago. The New York Court of Appeals has been known to change its opinion when influenced by increased enlightenment. It is not altogether impossible that some day its members may come to see that the theatre has come to occupy a new place in the lives of the people. To ordinary citizens who do not lead their lives in a world of legal precedent it is evident that the theatre is far more a public place than others which are admitted without question to be public places in which the public has well-defined and well-protected rights.

* * *

ACCORDING TO THE JUDGES
A hotel is a public place.
A theatre is not a public place.

Metcalfe.



Academy of Music—"The Prince of Pilsen," with Mr. Jess Dandy as the comedian. One of the best of the conventional comic operas.

Astor—"Before and After." Very light and laughable comedy.

Belasco—"The Rose of the Rancho" continues its long success. Thoroughly interesting and well staged.

Bijou—Mme. Alla Nazimova in "Comtesse Coquette." An admirably presented and very hilarious Italian comedy of the spicy variety.

Casino—"The White Hen." Mr. Louis Mann and good cast in amusing comic opera.

Empire—Ethel Barrymore in repertoire.

Garrick—Mr. William Collier very well supported in funny and up-to-date comedy, "Caught in the Rain."

Hackett—Rose Stahl in "The Chorus Lady." Faithful and diverting character study of one phase of life behind the curtain.

Herald Square—"The Orchid." Elaborately staged and amusing musical comedy with Mr. Eddie Foy as the star.

Hippodrome—"Neptune's Daughter" and "Pioneer Days." Gorgeousness and magnitude in the way of spectacle and ballet.

Knickerbocker—Messrs. Montgomery and Stone and competent company in "The Red Mill." Musical and amusing.

Lincoln Square—William Morris Stock Company in repertoire.

Lyric—"The Road to Yesterday." The idea of heredity ingeniously and interestingly put into dramatic form.

Madison Square Garden—Col. "Buffalo Bill" Cody's Wild West show. A thoroughly American entertainment and good of its kind.

Majestic—"The Prince Chap," with Mr. Cyril Scott as the star. Well-acted and, in places, pathetic little drama.

Proctor's Theatres—Vaudeville.



THE EVOLUTION OF THE WEDDING BELLS

The Latest Books

BRAND WHITLOCK'S *The Turn of the Balance*, like Hugo's *Les Misérables*, is a sociological document vivified by the imagination. Only, while the marvel of Hugo's story is that so much grim truth should underlie such passionate sympathy, ideality and sentiment; the wonder in Mr. Whitlock's case is that so voluminous and unemotional a record of reality should pull together into fiction. The real protagonist, the chief actor in Mr. Whitlock's drama, is the personified mechanism of the criminal law. We meet it at every turn; face it now from above, now from below its own dead-line; look at it, as it were, through the eyes of its admirers, of its enemies, and of its valets. The book, especially as a study of the underworld, is an interesting and, indeed, an important piece of work.

Readers of an impatient turn of mind may perhaps regard Charles D. Stewart's *Partners of Providence* as a "rigmarole" because the story, like the sea-serpent, only comes to the surface at irregular intervals. But the truth is that the story,—a search for a woman and child who have disappeared in the mutations of life on the frontier—is only the wick of the candle. The wax which surrounds it is what matters, and the bulk of the book is wax. It is supposedly written by a small boy who is a pilot's "cub" on a Missouri River steamboat, and the humor and humanness and boy-shrewdness of his go-as-you-please narrative put it in the *Huckleberry Finn* class.

George A. Kyle's story, *The Morning Glory Club*, is a skit without humor and a dyspeptic arraignment of the obvious. There are few things more flat and unprofitable than a picture of village characters whose narrowness, ignorance and petty vanities have excited in the author nothing but impatient dislike. We can all of us, worse luck, experience this unaided. The emotion is a drug on the market. It is to escape it, not to seek it, that we turn to the character sketch and the genre study; to the writer with a sense of perspective; whose clear eye has a twinkle in it; whose heart holds understanding; or whose indignation, when aroused, is armed with the nine-tailed whip of satire.

Under the title of *Phantom Wires*, Arthur Stringer has published an exciting story which is really a sequel to his last year's tale of criminal adventure in New York, *The Wire Tappers*. It has, however, none of the common shortcomings of reopened issues; for not only does it stand firmly on its own feet, but, as the reformation of such characters as the Durkins is at best an unstable equilibrium, this subsequent entanglement of theirs on the Continent is thoroughly in character.

Those who ask of fiction that it assure them, truthfully if it can, that happiness is the intended order of things, will find the story of theatrical life (the ideal but, let us hope, the by no means unknown side of theatrical life) told by Clara E. Laughlin in *Felicity*, a book most acceptable to their taste. It is indeed a piece of pleasing and carefully chosen realism; showing the happiest, most likable and most wholesome side of the

profession with which it deals. Yet for all its apparent earnestness, it never in reality strikes deeper into the human heart than the springs of sentiment.

Langford of the Three Bars, a novel written in collaboration by Kate and Virgil D. Boyles, is a Western story, conventional enough in general outline, yet written with freshness of impulse and a certain feminine sense of the picturesque. It deals with a cow-boy campaign against cattle-thieves and the struggles of the law, still a "tenderfoot" on the open range, against the inertia of local conditions.

The Spider and Other Tales is the third of Carl Ewald's little books that has found its way into English. It is a collection of stories for children; substitutes for fairy-tales; a material expression of some of this mild Danish radical's ideas about education. Like everything he writes, these stories have a simple charm and a disarming candor about them. The humor of *The Spider* and the tragic riddle of *The Water Lily* and the *Dragon Fly* are worth trying in opposition to the enchanted princesses and evil fairies of Grimm and Andersen.

J. B. Kerfoot.

The Turn of the Balance, by Brand Whitlock. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.)

Partners of Providence, by Charles D. Stewart. (The Century Company. \$1.50.)

The Morning Glory Club, by George A. Kyle. (L. C. Page and Company, Boston. \$1.50.)

Phantom Wires, by Arthur Stringer. (Little, Brown and Company, Boston. \$1.50.)

Felicity, by Clara E. Laughlin. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

Langford of the Three Bars, by Kate and Virgil D. Boyles. (A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago.)

The Spider and Other Tales, by Carl Ewald. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.)



"WE ARE UP TOO HIGH. I'M GOING TO LET OUT SOME GAS."

"VOT? WITH GAS A TOLLAR A TOUSANDT? FOOL! THROW OUDT THE SANDT, VICH COSTS NODINGK!"



HOW FIDO GOT INDIGESTION

"I CAN'T RIDE. I'M ILL. I'VE SENT FOR A DOCTOR."

"NOT THAT HANDSOME ONE FRED POINTED OUT TO US YESTERDAY?"

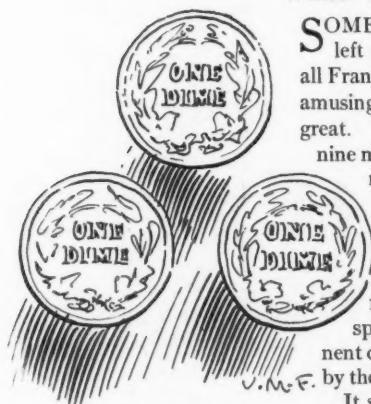
"YES. HE'S COMING DIRECTLY."

"THEN YOU JUST TEAR INTO YOUR CLOTHES AND FEED FIDO ALL THE CAKE AND JAM HE'LL EAT. *That doctor's a veterinary.*"

Where We Shine

SOME Frenchman has lately died and left an estate of nine millions, and all France is cackling over it in the most amusing way, as if it were something great. With us, of course, an estate of nine millions would hardly get a man's name mentioned in the dispatches, unless it should take place very opportunely, indeed, some day when there was neither a holocaust on the railroads, nor any murder to speak of in New York nor prominent citizens getting themselves called by their right names by the President.

It shows how utterly we beat the world at acquiring money. Can we not well afford to be magnanimous and let them beat us at pretty much everything else?



William the Silent

THE propriety of having the proposed statue of William the Silent stand in New York is not to be gainsaid. For William the Silent was not William Penn, as some, misled by the silence of Philadelphia, which Penn founded, would have us believe, but that Prince of Orange who whipped the cruel Duke of Alva. The statue belongs in New York.

The whole nation is the beneficiary of his work. If the arms of Spain had prevailed, what must have been the result? Well, for one thing, so many more ancestors would have had to come over in the *Mayflower* as could hardly have failed to swamp that historic craft, already loaded to its utmost capacity, and spoiled everything. What patriotic imagination does not recoil from the contemplation of such a contingency, with no Bunker Hill possible, except as the Indians should be induced to turn out and fight it; no Concord philosophy either forming or cutting much ice, and, last but not least, the Parker House roll marooned among the saddest words of tongue or pen?



CONFUSED IDENTITY

People taken by surprise sometimes say what they do not mean. A carful of people were entertained recently by a conversation which neither of the participants found comic. A train was waiting in a dim station at the end of a dull afternoon; lights were not yet lighted, and it was decidedly dusky within the car.

An excited and near-sighted woman hurried in, hurried down the aisle, peering at the passengers as she went, and at last, as she dropped into a seat beside another woman, exclaimed with a sigh of relief:

"Oh, it's you!"

"Certainly not!" snapped a startled stranger, turning; whereupon the mistaken traveler hastily apologized:

"I beg your pardon—but it's so dark in here I was quite sure you were."

Another woman, in similar circumstances, became even more confused. She was waiting for her sister in a railway station when a gentleman, looking for his wife, and misled by a general resemblance in figure and clothing, stepped up behind her, and, laying his hand on her shoulder, exclaimed:

"Thank goodness, Emma, it's you!"

The name he used happened to be really hers, which made the sudden familiarity even more startling. She jumped nervously.

"You're mistaken, sir!" she gasped. "I'm Emma, but she isn't me."—*Youth's Companion*.

MORGAN AND THE STUTTERER

A young reporter on the New York Sun, who stuttered fearfully, was sent one day to try to get a statement from Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan.

"Who and what are you?" demanded Mr. Morgan.

In moments of surprise or nervous excitement the reporter's stammering always became acute, so he stood with jaws locked, vainly trying to speak.

Mr. Morgan began to fume, and finally he sputtered:

"What in the devil are you?"

The reporter's sense of humor did not share the clogging up of his speech, and, after much facial contortion, he managed to gurgle out:

"I-I-I—aaaaa-m an elocutionist."

Mr. Morgan saw the joke, he grimly relaxed and when the reporter's speech-consciousness returned he got the statement.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

POET IN TRAINING

"Did you beat the carpet, dear?"

"I did," replied the poet.

"And the stovepipe—have you taken it down?"

"I have."

"That's a dear! Now, go and dig in the garden for exercise, and then you may go to your garret and write love songs for groceries!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

NO ROOM FOR A THIRD

Secretary Taft was, on one occasion, in consultation with Senator Penrose, of Pennsylvania. The Secretary is gigantic and the Senator is taller and weighs more than any other member of the Senate.

While these two statesmen were in earnest conversation an aggressive politician endeavored to enter the room, but an alert secretary politely interfered.

"What are they doing in there?" asked the politician, inquisitively.

This pertinent question nettled the secretary, and he answered, tersely:

"Holding a mass-meeting, I presume."—*Philadelphia Record*.



"HOW IS THAT? YOU DON'T WEIGH AS MUCH AS YOU DID?"

"WHY, YOU SEE, I GOT IN A RAILWAY ACCIDENT THE OTHER DAY AND LOST THREE LIVES."

SILENCE

"This phonograph is silent," said the indignant tourist, who had deposited his penny.

"Of course," responded the genial proprietor; "all it contains is the President's explanation of the advancement of General Wood."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

"A LARGE number of people keep on talking when they have ceased thinking," says the *Baltimore American*. But would you make a voiceless solitude of our best society?—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

ON THE BARGAIN COUNTER

The Bookman had first chance upon this contribution. Instead of accepting it, the publishers wrote: "We received to-day, through the mail, a list of books which appears to us to be an advertisement. As no instructions accompanied the list, we write you asking what it was."

"He Fell in Love with His Wife." Bound in black and white; rare.

"The Man with the Hoe." Illustrated; somewhat soiled.

"The Heart of Midlothian." Half calf; only one copy left.

"Siberian Exile." Bound in Russia; several copies.

"The School of the Woods." In boards; shelf worn.

"My Wife and I." 2 vol. edition in white and gold, a rare bargain; Vol. II only.

"Our Old Home." Vellum; 10 vols.; 1863 Ed.

"What Will He Do with It?" One-half Russia, illustrated by a Japanese artist; Vol. I only.

"The Pet Lamb." Sheep; old.

"A Rose of Yesterday." A bargain, white with silver clasps; somewhat faded.—*The Editor*.

CONCLUSIVE REASONING

A little elderly German who keeps a stationer's shop amuses himself by making up stories about his customers and telling them to his family.

"Dat young lady who has de pink cheeks, she be married soon, I t'ink," he announced one night.

"Now, my Carl, you know nottings of her whateffer, is it not so?" and his wife looked severe.

"It is like dis," said the stationer solemnly: "I observe, and I know. At first she buys paper and envelopes de same; later she buy twice as more paper, and den five times as more paper as envelopes. So I know she is betrothed. And to-day she buy only one-half dozen envelopes and five times as more paper; and when I tell her she get dem cheaper if she buy many, she say, 'I have no need of more, t'ank you'; so I know de friend he comes soon, and so comes de marriage on quickly."—*The Youth's Companion*.

"TOODLES," a little Washington boy, is four years old, and his mamma and papa think he's just about the best boy that ever lived; but the other day he got a bit cross about something or other and an "Oh, the devil!" slipped out before he knew it. Of course, his mother was grieved and hurt, and she told Toodles so. She explained that he mustn't be naughty, and that above all things he must not swear. "But, mamma," said Toodles, "it ain't swearing to say that, 'cause there is a 'devil.'" "But, my dear," said Toodles' mamma, "you must not make light of sacred things."—*Buffalo Commercial*.

THE LAW'S DELAY

Shortly after Congressman Maddox, of Georgia, had turned over part of his law practice to his son, the young man came into the office with a flushed, triumphant face.

"Pap," he began, "you know that Wilkins case you've been trying for the last ten years?"

The Congressman nodded.

"Well," said the young man, "I've settled it!"

"Settled it!" ejaculated his father. "Settled it! Why, my boy, I gave you that case as an annuity!"—*Woman's Home Companion*.

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When you order whiskey, order the best. The best is

HUNTER RYE

It is pure, ripe, mellow and wholesome. The American Gentleman's Whiskey.

WM. LANAHAH & SON, Baltimore, Md.



"A room without pictures is like a room without windows."
—RUSKIN.



L I F E ' S P R I N T S

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publishers to know that
they are going rapidly

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FORD "Sound Logic" TALKS

**\$600 Runabout
Is No Mollycoddle**

No. 5
Get the
Series

ALTHOUGH THERE ARE 5,000 Ford runabouts now in use in all parts of the world, on all kinds of roads, doing all kinds of work, in the hands of all kinds of drivers, having all kinds of care, and lack of care, yet we are sometimes asked "are they not too light for usage on country roads?"

COUNTRY ROADS ARE EASIER on a motor car than are the broken asphalt pavements, the car tracks and the cobblestone streets of the city. But that's aside from the question. Here's a direct answer:

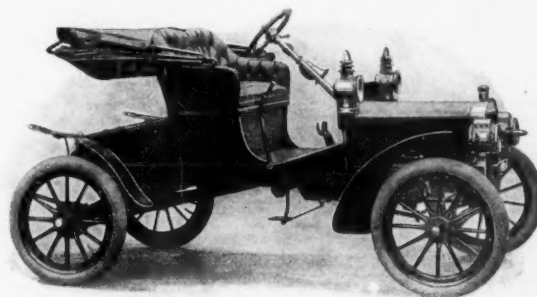
THE FORD CAR IS LIGHTER by several hundred pounds than any other car of similar power.

THAT LIGHTNESS IS ITS GREATEST STRENGTH—it is the customer's assurance of quality. To obtain lightness with strength we must use the best material procurable. We do. Vanadium Chrome steel is the toughest material known. It is now used in Ford cars. It is made exclusively for Ford.

THE TOUGHNESS OF A HICKORY WITHE is a good comparison for Ford runabouts. Flexible—but unbreakable.

IF TIRE-MAKERS WOULD GUARANTEE all tires to be of uniform quality, we could guarantee 15,000 miles on a set with this car—it has been done in many cases. That's where lightness spells economy.

HERE'S A SUGGESTION: Just to show how this car will stand hard usage, ask your nearest Ford agent for a 40 or 50 mile high-speed demonstration over the roughest roads you know. Then ask some friend to bring his 40 or 50 or 60 horse-power touring car and see if he can follow you. The result will be surprising—and perhaps expensive to your friend. You'll buy a Ford.



Model N 4 cylinder. 15 h. p. 1050 lbs. The sturdiest thing on wheels. \$600 f. o. b. Detroit

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A WAR-TIME REMINISCENCE

"Where did you get that scar on your face?" asked the interested listener of the Civil War veteran.

"At the battle of Bull Run," answered the old soldier.

"Bull Run!" exclaimed the other. "How could you get wounded in the face at Bull Run?"

"Well, you see, sir," exclaimed the veteran, apologetically, "after I had run a mile or two I grew careless and looked back."
—*Woman's Home Companion*.

TO ILLUSTRATE the contrast between the ideal and the actual, post the illustrations from the florist's catalogue at the ends of your garden rows.—*The Detroit News*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

HAD THE BIRTH-RATE PAT

"The Scotch," said Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, "are certainly a witty people. Now, there was a visitor in the little town of Bowdoin who, on looking about, saw no children, but only grown men and women. He wondered at this and, finally, meeting a weazened old man on the street, inquired: 'How often are children born in this town?'"

"'Only once,' the man replied, as he proceeded on his way."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

For the Nursery—For the Table

Of no other food product can it be truthfully said—equally good for infant and general household purposes. Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has no equal as an infant food and for general household purposes.

NOT EVEN ST. PATRICK

Angry Scot: Look here, Mr. O'Brien! I've the verra greatest respect for yer country, but ye mauna forget this: Ye can sit on a rose, and ye can sit on a shamrock, but, O man, ye canna sit on a thistle.—*The Sketch*.

AN AMERICAN woman writes from Vienna: "I saw lately the following notice in a shop (the announcement is a little confusing, and makes one feel uncertain as to whether one ought to date one's letters 1907 or 907): 'The medal of Saint — can be obtained here. It protects the wearer from all manner of accidents, and is particularly suited against motor cars.' The medal is quite small, and only costs 6d."—*Buffalo Commercial*.

Kenilworth Inn, Biltmore, N. C. Always open. Most superbly finished hotel south of New York.

AN EASTERN publisher is booming a new novel by inserting this "personal" in the daily papers: "If the lady with dark hair and an absorbed expression in a Fourth Avenue car yesterday, who became provoked because the gentleman in front turned over a page of his novel before she had finished reading it over his shoulder, will send her name and address and \$1.20 to any bookseller she will be spared in the future the necessity of manifesting her displeasure at such rudeness. Mention (here follows the name of the book) to avoid errors."—*Editor*.

A PASSER-BY was amazed at seeing an Irishman poking a dollar bill through a crack in a board walk.

"What under the sun are you doing that for?" he asked.

"Why, y' see, sir," replied the Irishman without looking up from his work, "a minute ago Oi dropped a nickel through this crack, an' now Oi'm puttin' a dollar through so's to make it wort' me whoile to pull up th' walk an' get th' nickel."—*Every-body's*.

Hotel Vendome, Boston

All the attractions of hotel life, with the comforts and privacy of home.

AN IRISHMAN, wishing to take a "homestead" and not knowing just how to go about it, sought information from a friend.

"Mike," he said, "you've taken a homestead, an' I thought maybe ye could tell me th' law concerning how to go about it."

"Well, Dennis, I don't remember th' exact wordin' uv th' law, but I can give ye th' m'ainin' uv it. Th' m'ainin' uv it is this: Th' Government is willin' t' bet ya 100 acres uv land agin \$14 that ye can't live on it five years widout starvin' to death."—*Rochester Herald*.

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"

"Let mirth, with laughing eye,
Spread her empire o'er our soul;
Let no care obtrude when she is by
To spoil our joy in the flowing bowl."

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Others angrily denounce it.

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"MARQUIS, is it possible to confide a secret to you?"

"Certainly! I will be silent as the grave."

"Well, then, I have absolute need of two thousand francs."

"Do not fear, it is as if I had heard nothing."—
Translated for Transatlantic Tales from "Il Motto per Ridere."

The Sweet Use of Ridicule

A PROMINENT clergyman who gave up his charge some time ago told me that "as he had to cut down expenses, he had discontinued his subscription to all the religious papers except LIFE."—
Ariel.



THE RING

THE politician is my shepherd. I shall not want for anything during this campaign. He leadeth me into the saloon for my vote's sake. He filleth my pocket with good cigars; my cup of beer runneth over. He inquireth concerning my family, even unto the fourth generation. Yea, though I walk through the mud and the rain to vote for him, and shout myself hoarse when he is elected, straightway he forgetteth me. Although I meet him at his own house he knoweth me not. Surely the wool has been pulled over my eyes all the days of my life and I shall dwell in the house of a chump forever.—
Exchange.

ABOUT the only Panama boss that does not seem disposed to resign is the President.—*Atlanta Journal*.

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IMPORTANT TO SEE THAT IT IS ABBOTT'S.

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The Literary Competition

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The following announcements may be expected:

Mr. Henry James offers \$2,500 to any person who can demonstrate that his sentences can be written as easily wrong-end-to as they can be written sidewise.

Mr. Jack London offers \$3,764.23 to any one who will prove that the sweater in which he is photographed is not real.

Mr. George Barr McCutcheon will give \$800 to any one who will demonstrate that the heroine can possibly fall in love with the hero before the first chapter.

Mr. Owen Wister offers \$1,500 to any one who will demonstrate that simplified spelling is not a plagiarism from his last book.

Mr. Charles Major offers \$10,000 to any one who can show that a real princess is not beautiful as a dream.

Mr. G. B. Shaw offers thirty cents to any one who will produce evidence that a moral is not necessarily immoral.

In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease.

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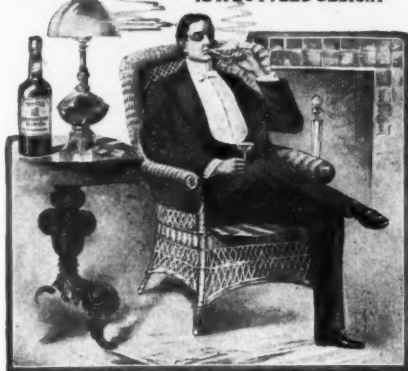


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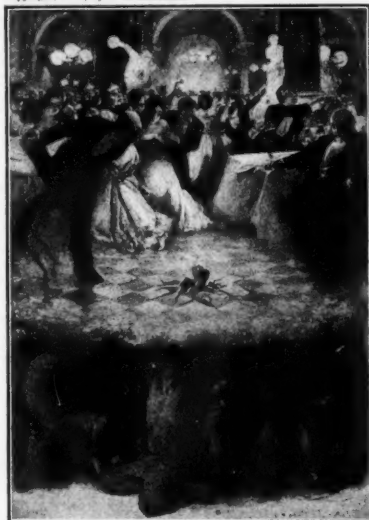
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